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Friendship
and
Other Writings

by

Arthur Franklin Fuller





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FRIENDSHIP

and

Other Writings

by

ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

Author of

An Odd Soldiery.

Fifty Thousand Miles Backridden.

A Book of Poems.

The Golden Chalice.

An Odd Romance.

Music Lore, etc., etc.



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FRIENDSHIP

Revised and Enlarged

Jubilate

There's an oasis in the desert waste,
There's an island in the deep;
A trusty star in heaven is placed
That my ship its course may keep;
There's a tender, lilting melody
A-floating all around;
New cheer and hope and harmony
Through the love of a friend I've found!

Rest

As twilight folds the tired world in its comforting, restful embrace, so doth Friendship enfold kindred spirits in its magic, mothering clasp; filling the hearts and lives of those elect who taste its worth and power. It diffuses a subtle, potent charm, quickening the flagging fires of life with a revivifying influence, which warms every member of one's being.

The Giver

Friendship freely gives of its best, yet is never impoverished thereby. It ennobles the giver and nourishes the recipient; it builds the former and sustains the latter. Hence, both partake of the fare sublime. It seeks no reward but the blessing of the object of regard, and counts service and sacrifice only privilege and pleasure.

Solace

It is a great thing to be able to stand alone or like a strong swimmer, to be able to breast the cur-

rents of life and circumstance without aid. But oh, what a precious thing it is to find a friend! Gently, so gently, the spell of Friendship descends upon the hungering soul with solace pure and never failing—a heavenly manna for those who wander in the wilderness of selfish motives, conflicting interests and carking cares met with in our workaday world.

Natural Craving

The human heart craves appreciation and sympathy. When the individual has reached maturity there are generally many shattered ideals, wrecked hopes, disappointments and frustrated ambitions to wring and burden the heart. At the office or store, the work-shop or usual routine, there comes a something which makes life bearable, duty tolerable, and the path better. The preachers call it "brotherly love," women call it the same minus the "brotherly," but I call it Friendship. At all events, in it are summed up the mutual understanding, the fellowship, the approval of generous well-wishing, which is at once a source of cheer, backbone, and stimulation, and of nourishment and sustenance to the soul as well. We have all noticed it, experienced it, enjoyed it, and cherished it as being something far too rare but O, so rich and grateful.

Real Value

If humanity could only be awakened to the worth of the practice of kindness, the folly of money-getting, the vanity of sense-tickling, and pleasure-seeking, there would be vastly more joy and far less woe in this beautiful world of ours. We scorn the idolatrous heathen and continue to worship the idols of

Wealth, Fame, Pleasure, and particularly Self. Each individual sooner or later realizes the need of a friend—the value that a friend could be—but oft-times not before many an opportunity has escaped for being one. But we should not forget that when a friend is found, a veritable mine of joy and helpfulness has been discovered. Almost any friend is good for something, but a worthy friend is one of God's most precious gifts.

Good to be At Home

How sweet, how restful it is, to have the privilege of laying aside the mask, the sham, the armor, the bluff of the Game of Life; and just feel free to be one's natural, real self—with a friend: to be loved for one's ideals, aspirations and conscientious efforts; fully appreciated, generously estimated as to character and worth.

Inspiration

There is Inspiration generated by Friendship—impetus to be one's nobler self. It is the adequate reward for all past endeavor; the Prize possessed, yet ever to be sought and kept, by faithful effort. It is the bottom of the otherwise bottomless pit of failure, from which life can be revised on a better basis, in spite of disappointments, griefs—in spite of everything that saps one's joy and vim.

Necessity

"No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself," "He who would have friends, must show himself friendly," are two rich quotations from the Big Book. No one person is likely to have all

the faults, nor is anyone likely to have all the virtues. This is often noticeable in the marriage of two honest sincere persons. However they may try to live up to the highest ideals of marital success, there is something lacking in the companion. In another case wherein wreck has occurred to the marital vessel, but for the sake of children, or friends, or religious notions, it may seem desirable for them to continue to live together. In these cases, Friendship is the legitimate, commendable, ennobling and effective remedy. And this applies to friends of the opposite, quite as much as to those of the same, sex.

No Limit

And how much may such friends love? Just all they want to—so long as selfishness and the list of concupiscence are faithfully kept out. Only the narrow, little, mean, covetous person will object to it and become jealous or critical regarding a wholesome, helpful, pure and lofty friendship. Those who are truly generous, will be glad for their legal partner to obtain elements they have personally been unable to furnish, and would grieve to stand in the way thereof.

Association Sweet

Friendship is the flower of harmony—the comingling of spirit and purpose—the essence of generosity, kindness, consideration external to self's interests, good-will, sympathy, understanding and appreciation. There is peace in friendship. As the poet has it:

“And when our tongues no words have found,

It's just seemed good to have you 'round." The communion of friends need not be oral, chirographic, or physical. They do not need to be "entertained." Everything is beautifully spontaneous. The connection may be so tender as to be telepathic. All that persons so blessed know, is that they feel refreshed and revived after a session with a congenial soul.

Depression's Master

When the day is dark and cold and dreary and one feels blue, it is a good thing to rout low spirits by sitting down quietly and realizing you have been of use. New interest in life is thus engendered to be of more service—to help laboring humanity.

An active conscience is a proof of the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit; to aspire is good, but to endeavor is better. There is no peace like that which comes from knowing one's duty and having done one's best to fulfill it; and man has no higher duty than to be a friend to man—to someone. To get out and do something for someone is the very best remedy for "the blues."

A Mission

Friends are real treasures. No one need feel he lacks a mission in life so long as it is possible to be a friend to someone; and no one need count himself poor so long as it is possible to boast one friend. Of all ambitions the noblest is to excel in loving, purely, unselfishly—after the pattern of the Lord that bought us—even the Saviour, Christ Jesus.

How to Qualify

A great many people really do not know how to begin to be a friend to anyone, yet if advice were

offered, it would be resented, because of selfishness. There is so much difference between an acquaintance and a friend. So few there are of those whom time and circumstance have caused our lives to touch, who are doing other than that which will bring to them things they most desire,—amusement, convenience, influence, or financial gain. But to qualify for Friendship one must cultivate an open, hearty, sincere and forgiving spirit—a disposition to admire, appreciate and perceive the good in one's associates; a person must be accommodating and readily interest himself and respond to the lives and needs of others. We must be of service—good for something to others, as we would have them be of value in some way to us. To be a real friend one must be constant, faithful, ready, eager to serve—sharer in weal or woe.

The Difference

The pseudo-friend is over-anxious to become established as confidential sharer in our store of good — over-willing to profit by our holdings or advantage — avail himself of material possessions. But a real friend is one who takes a genuine heart interest in another's welfare; whose affection, esteem, respect and co-operation can certainly be looked for at all times! A trustworthy, congenial fellow-traveler along the way of life—one whose tastes and aspirations and fields of endeavor parallel our own; is a well-wisher indeed and in truth; an intimate and agreeable companion.

“By their fruits ye shall know them.” Ready sympathy is such a solace—understanding, tolerance and forbearance are such comforts. To be a

friend is truest heroism. The greatest battles of history are those fought in the hearts and minds of individuals as they have agonized in their "garden of Gethsemane." The greatest victories are those won against circumstance, temptation and degenerate tendencies under fire.

Succour

The sympathy of a friend heartens a struggler as can nothing else. It is hard for one to have his patient, earnest, repeated efforts, his fortitude and courage, go unrecognized—find no solution to problems in the working of which the rule has been honestly applied without success; to have careful, thoughtful building crumble and decay; and that, when he has put into it his all, be it much or little, of strength and intelligence—and a soul full of squareness. Such an one needs the buoy of sympathy, understanding, appreciation—that is, Friendship—an anchor in life's troubled sea.

An Illustration

There is a pseudo-friendship which is pretty good as far as it goes, but it goes not far enough to care much about because it has too much justice and not enough mercy in it. Let us take a case:

Two boys who live near neighbors, grow up side by side, sharing as schoolmates, playmates and later are sent by their parents to the same college. Here also they are chums—they play and study together, smoke, eat and sleep together—and "raise the mischief" together. When they graduate, they shake hands on the threshold of a new day—a day of in-

dependent entrance upon the field of industrial battle—vowing eternal friendship.

After four or five years of ever-lessening frequency in their correspondence, one whom we will call Jack, receives a telegram from his old chum whom we will call Tom, which reads as follows: "Am in trouble, have been arrested; come here and go my bond."

If Jack is a pseudo-friend he will consider: "Well now, that is too bad. I am certainly sorry to hear that my old friend Tom is in trouble. I always did say I feared he would hang for his fool pranks. Wonder what he has been up to all these years since we left college? Wonder what kind of company he has been keeping? He may be mixed up in some serious business. If he is, I cannot afford to take sides and mix up in it—I, a pillar of the church and highly respected in my community. No doubt I had better go slow and investigate a little."

But if Jack is a real Friend, he will not hesitate longer than is necessary to kiss his wife or sweetheart goodbye, and then he is off to do all he can for his old chum, Tom. He will, if necessary, put up his business, his home and his fortune without weighing the matter as to whether Tom is "worthy"—whether he is really "in bad," or is the victim of circumstance. Yes, he would give his life blood for him if need be, provided he had not a higher duty elsewhere. For he knows that if Tom is a guilty man, he then would need a friend more than ever before in his life.

Tests Welcomed

A man should be brave enough to state his opinion, and attach his signature or give his affidavit, no

matter what the circumstances requesting it may be. Less than a grain of sand in value, is that man who vaunts himself as a friend to one upon whom the world is showering its favors as the passing hero, with honors and applause; but who, in a darker hour, when everything is the reverse, skulks behind scruples to make sure that his own coat tails shall be clear in case he "stand by." Tests should not be sought—nor should they be side-stepped. But when the pinch does come, it should be welcomed as an opportunity to show power, stamina and backbone.

No Return Demanded

With the pseudo-friendship, it is like the selfish, or pseudo-love—a "give and take proposition," selfish, from both participants. In such cases, unless there is objective return for every hand-clasp, every sprig of service and self-sacrifice, every loving glance, every tender vibration, every atom of pleasure, the nestling will soon take unto itself strong wings — will tear away from the tender bonds and no matter what wreck it leaves behind, will present its demands where they will be honored at face value. For such souls, we should not wish to change the order of things. To destroy Reciprocity would be to compel individual starvation. Only, the attitude is wrong. To offer or try to claim such a friendship or love is like trying to pick up an empty April-fool's purse found in the roadway with a string attached.

Recognition

Friends, like poets, are born and not made; they are discovered, not manufactured at will, or accord-

ing to design and convenience Two persons meet and instinctively know that somehow they belong to each other—that there exists between them, a bond nearer than that of kindred—a relationship, closer than that brought about by the accident of birth among those of the family.

The old story in our Christian Bible, of David and Jonathan is too familiar to need any detailed mention here, but has furnished the basis for many a sweet reflection by those whose hearts are ready to respond to the call of comradeship—to do for one beloved without hope of reward—merely for the joy of the privilege of doing.

Scarcely less famous and quite as sweet is the Bible story of the love between two women—Ruth and Naomi. Surely it is beautiful—worthy of emulation. Also in that sacred Old Book, is the record of the Master's words: "Make friends even with the very mammon of unrighteousness (money)." And again, "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends." And He did so.

Happifying Aim

The greatest achievement of life is to love and to be loved and the thing most worth while—the happifying aim. But to love, unrequited, calls for nobility of character which is not so easily attained. But surely, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and it is only selfishness that makes us desire pay for that which we bestow or offer. The soul of Friendship is generosity.

Scope

But the question arises, "Is there to be no limit to the scope of friendship?" The answer is, that it is right to seek and claim all one can. It is proper to cull out the false and hold fast to the genuine—have an attitude of good-will to the former and of gratitude toward the latter.

God's laws are operative—never failing. His rules are unbroken, immutable; if it were not so, our blessed, harmonious universe would go to pieces. Science assures us that the atoms, ions and electrons which compose even our steel structures, the walls and floors of our buildings, are constantly in motion; that all of the materials which compose the human body are assembled in about ten months, or in the case of the foetus, in nine months.

Law of Attraction

And what is it that holds these atoms, together, whether in concrete structures, steel frames, buildings or the human temple? The Law of Attraction. And why do they not remain together always? Because the Law is that they remain together only so long as intelligent purpose is thereby fulfilled—so long as worthy, appreciable results are gained through continued association.

So with friends. It is right to gain as many as possible and get from each all of the love, time and attention that can be properly used, with respect to the mutual welfare. If we accept a friend, we also accept a degree of responsibility proportional to our influence. We may use, not mis-use nor abuse. We may take that which is necessary—no more. The

relationship may continue so long as it is for the mutual good. "Defraud not thy brother." But insofar as the association does no injustice to anyone, fills out life, contributes to the joy, well-being, inspiration and helpful experience, it cannot constitute an infringement upon the Law of Kindness. The mission for the friend is to do good. To deny one the privilege of exercising benevolence and comradeship is a sin.

Compensation

Circumstance often compels association with persons who are not congenial, while others who are helpful and enjoyable are seldom seen.

"Ain't it strange that for some folks
You don't care very much,
And for others you just care a pile,
And the folks you don't care for
You see every day,
And the others, just once in a while?"

But even yearning, disappointment, and sorrow often do a good work in developing the finer feelings. Also, our capacity for appreciation is hereby increased. Plain foods to him of the strong lusty digestion and keen appetite, are more enjoyed than luxurious diet to the weak, bilious and sated.

Jealousy

The habit of being grateful and cheerful cannot be too highly commended. Stinginess cheats itself out of much joy experienced in generosity. Jealousy not only mars the happiness of the one coveted, but

also swindles the jealous person out of pleasure which would otherwise be forthcoming

When jealousy is manifested by a friend, it shows the spirit of covetousness in another rank, weedy growth. Jealousy is seldom amenable to reason. If we cannot kill it out of the hearts of others, we can at least take proper precautions that we do not permit its development in our own garden. All human love is but a stepping-stone to a higher, nobler love, on the plane next above. The toys of childhood suffice until we are ready for something better.

Always Essential

Marriage is a business contract which must be respected by both parties to be successful. The parties to such a contract who have not Friendship between them apart from the physical vibrations generated by special, conjugal contact, have a relationship which will hardly bear the weight of time and care, and which will not always happyfy and enrich; for such is the proper office of Friendship—a place nothing else can fill. Friendship is the chief preservative—the active principle of the joy of living. It eliminates selfishness and paves the way for the conception of the love of all mankind—the love of doing good to all men, according as we may have opportunity.

Basis of Success

Of himself, a man is nothing; but that which he achieves is by virtue of the blessings he has received through the friends that have come into his life—his success is the result of the loyalty and worth, inspiration and support of his friends. The

chief of an army has little power of himself, but with the co-operation of his soldiers, the general is able to defend his highest conception of right and duty.

Insipient Cynicism

It sometimes happens that one is blind to his own faults and failings, having his eye full of criticism of the one who is most frequently in his thought. In that case, he becomes so busy whining about not being appreciated that he fails to properly estimate and receive that which comes unto him, because the package is not wrapped in the color of paper he had pictured in his imagination.

If you, kind reader, feel that you are not appreciated, turn your searching gaze inward; (this light of analysis and criticism), and see if you are fully appreciating those who are earnestly striving to please and who have a right to kindly consideration. Instead of being shut off from that you long for, have you not obstinately, contrarily shut yourself off?

Consideration Due

Friends should not be made the receptacle for our bad humor, our whims, peculiarities and troubles. We should not seek in a friend a means of venting our inherent smartness. We should not wish to pry into the private affairs, nor learn the secrets of a friend, nor should that friend exhibit such tendencies toward us.

Guarding the Treasure

Friendship imposes no obligations but seeks and claims multitudes of privileges of service, and that

with joy, making life delicious. It comprehends an ability to overlook another's faults and weaknesses—to magnify the good. It predisposes to the burial of differences and aggression. It never boasts itself but is evidenced by unwavering attitude and action.

He who imposes upon, or mis-uses, a friend is worse than a thief. That which is stolen in material effects may easily be replaced, but he who damns man's faith in man, makes a murderous thrust at his own race; and fathers war, hatred, malice and misery.

No higher compliment could be paid than to say, intelligently: "This is my friend!" No line of aristocracy can boast so noble a line of ancestors as that one may indicate with just and honest pride if one's people have been worthily called "friend." For a Friend counts it an opportunity and not a hardship, when in a time of need he can prove his worthiness by his deeds—prove his interest by insight and foresight, without having to be asked or urged—without surety.

Those who are too sanguine, greedy—who try to get too much out of this existence—are among the "temperamental" people who often get the "blues." Let him who lacks a "life-work"—a worthy object for which to live and strive—just set out, at once, to be steadfast, constant, sincere—a vibrant harp, a reflecting violin; alive to response both to strains of joy, and sorrow; victory or defeat; sunshine and shadow; striving ever to remember to be faithful to this ideal; to be cheery, loyal, considerate, and patient; always weighing well each thought before it is uttered; considering each deed before perform-

ing it; seeing the end of the present course of conduct or work, the destination whereunto the path you are treading will ultimately lead.

Recapitulation

Friendship then, is the sacred compound of goodwill, concord, unity of spirit, appreciation, compassion, sympathy, understanding; the ability and disposition to practise over-looking faults and persistently foster virtues; the habit of seeing the best in those with whom we come in contact; the readiness to forgive a wrong; the alertness to bless, to do good unto another; a worthy result of the vanquishment of self, the carnal mind. Friendship is evidenced by pleasure in service and sacrifice; is the essence of that which is noblest in our character; the fruit of religion, philosophy and refinement; the flower reared of the sweetest emotions of the soul; a basis for tenderness, consideration and gentleness; the realization of the love of God

Choice

The greatest gift of God to man is consciousness. But its possession involves responsibility. One of our most important obligations is to have a clear and personally definite consciousness and conception of our class and kind—a classified realization of the proper place of the objects entering our field of vision; the world we touch; the things with which we come in contact; that which we cognize as exterior to ourselves.

Principle

We are exhorted to "worship God in spirit and in truth." We are also asked, "If ye love not men

whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" Surely we need more love in the world—we need to learn whom and how to love. And the proper, the legitimate, the rose-path, is the way of Friendship.

The first step is to obey the Biblical injunction, "Man, know thyself." This done, our next step is to cognize, know, our own kind—not only of species but of nature—spirit—aspiration and type.

Application

The next step is to apply the principle, which is best begun and continued in Service. Thereby we live the successful, happifying life—by the persistent habit of living for others; to live to be useful to our kind.

In order to be useful we must see clearly that it is for us to OURSELVES be the benediction we would wish God to bestow upon our objects of special responsibility and interest; upon our kind—those who are close to us. It is best in our systematic endeavors to be good (God) to those about us—that which touches our lives—let each first bless each his own kind. Let the dog bless the dog; let the fish bless fish; the bird bless the bird; and mankind bless mankind. Thus will our attentions be most easily understood and appreciated, and we will not only get maximum results for the effort expended, but we will also save cheating in two ways—preventing a member of the kind in question blessing best his kind, as perhaps he cannot bless the higher, different type, but we will also avoid denying the fellowship of our own type. And this is the law. The higher type should help the lower; but

the main points and general concourse must be kind to kind. We belittle our type and transgress the law, violate the proprieties of the Creator when we play the outlaw and make our habit otherwise.

Of the higher laws, it is possible for us to become Christlike and children of God by choosing for our rule of life, the first law—the law of Love—the law of kindness. Kindness should be our habit—kindness to everything. Everything loves its life—wants to maintain its integrity and fulfill its purpose and destiny. Use people and things only for the particular purposes for which they were intended by nature and structure to fulfill. This is being natural, wholesome.

Purpose

Friendship is a blessed means for proving the proposition that it really is more blessed to give than to receive. Friendship is for the expression of appreciation, and understanding and the sweet spirit of reciprocity; yes, and for gratitude toward God in our kind. It is the wholesome communion of sincere souls who count it good to be alive.

But if we would be worthy of the great blessing of Friendship, we must be ready to really be a friend. We must learn to shut the door of our thought to the negativeness that produces only after its kind and open our hearts to receive with joy, the good things we find near us—waiting for our acceptance. Let us not continually affront the Good God by forever refusing gracious reception of His beneficence, by any fancied virtue of self-denial. Friendship and its fruits are necessary to our life,

prosperity and development. For, "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself."

Duty of Acceptance

Let us rise and clear away the shades of gloom, self-pity and self-love that put us in the dungeon of Misery. Throw open the doors and let in the blessed sunshine in trustful acceptance that the good thing that comes to us is of God—the blessed Answer to our prayers—those earnest, unspoken and unspeakable desires of the heart. Perchance that for which we are sorrowfully yearning is here in our lives today and we are blindly refusing it.

Since so much of life is disappointment, care and sacrifice, losses and crosses, we should learn to love them as the hard lessons that teach us the way of life and the strenuous exercises that makes us strong enough for the next step advancing along the high road of Progress toward the mountain top of Perfection. But let us not get into such a habit of self-abnegation and denial that we refuse refreshment and happiness when it is offered us. God does allow that His creatures be happy and rejoice in His goodness.

Avoid Exaction

But in our ideality, let us not demand too much perfection of our friends. Likely every friendship will result in some measure of disappointment. But this is merely an opportunity to "be tender-hearted one to another, forgiving one another even as God hath for Christ's sake, forgiven you." Look upon such an occasion as an opportunity to be charitable, generous, indulgent. Friendship is certainly the

best thing in this life, and the finer souls will ever yearn for it, cherish it, and strive to be true to their noblest concepts in regard to the faithful discharge of its obligations.

Dignity of Friendship

If you offer your priceless gift of Friendship and it be rejected, feel no resentment. To offer a gift to one who is unworthy by reason of undevelopment, is merely to cast pearls before swine. There are those who are little and mean and have their failings covered by a veneer of external sweetness which is only exercised when there is no excuse to do otherwise.

But the selfish life, with its anger jealousy, pride, sensitiveness, envy hatred, malice and uncharitableness, is merely the disposition to see life and its privileges through a pinhole and so limit the vision.

Faith

To be broad, gentle, forgiving, is greater than personal triumphs. To trust that one's friend has nothing but love, good-will, good intentions and blessings for one, is a great preventive of misunderstandings and misinterpretation of deeds done under circumstances which may throw them temporarily into a bad light.

Sharing

Covetousness says: "I want all." Good Sense says: "I want only what I need." A dog eats and leaves what he cannot use for his fellows. But humans so often want to grasp everything, both what they need for themselves and all else they can

seize and hold, preferring to retain the surplus for their heirs rather than to permit the less fortunate to prosper—rather than to bless the present generation.

Avoidance of Ready Condemnation

Be not over-ready to find a friend guilty of misdemeanor or disloyalty or selfishness, but always be ready to give the friend the benefit of a possible doubt. Don't be disposed to jump at conclusions which would do damage to the best thing you have found in the world—Friendship—and your estimate of a member of your own kind. Doubtless this tableau is but a picture of yourself in another circumstance with your beloved friend as the villain this time instead of yourself.

Study Laws of Harmony

Learn to harmonize—be in accord. Cultivate the disposition to agree instead of antagonize and differ. Don't be overfond of your own opinion or think too highly of your own judgment. Humility is one of the greatest of virtues. Always admit the possibility of your being in error. It certainly does take two to make a quarrel. If you refuse to contend, anger must die.

Spirit Benign

Love is surely the greatest thing in this world or anywhere else. There are many brands and all are good except one—self-love. But this kind which we term kindness, benevolence, etc., seems to me the greatest of all, being the type found in mother-love, and which we call Friendship, for it gives all

and asks nothing in return; whereas every other form seems to say: "I will do so-and-so for you—what do I get back? If you do not appreciate me and what I sacrifice for you and do for you, I will be done with you and will regret having done anything for you and wasted my regard on an unworthy person!"

But Friendship says: "Don't bother to thank me or try to be grateful for anything I can do for you. The privilege of service, of benefiting, and the effort of trying to do good, is most salutary exercise. It is the giver who is most blest—not the recipient. I have my reward from the impulse to express the love that wells up within me."

Evening

It need not depress those who trust in God to realize that even our sun—source of life, power, growth, the center of our solar system—has but his day—dawn, zenith, evening. So with artists, actors, pugilists, wrestlers, poets, authors, pianists, singers. By one means or another—a phenomenon over which they have little control—the conditions are right for one out of the many aspirants, to make good and rise as a sun over his fellows and shine forth in strength. Yet there is a zenith and point of waning. It is so in physical experience—we find—youth, prime and old age. And perhaps also in love and in the ability to attract and hold friends. Nothing seems steadfast or permanent or dependable. As the proverb goes, "Even this shall pass away."

A Friendship Outgrown

Efforts may not always result in success of fame or riches. Sometimes friends change or lose in-

terest—we pass into decline. But the love we have for them has made us richer—life has been sweeter because of them. The love we put into our work, loving the common task, no matter how homely and unattractive—loving it for the occupation it gives us—the assurance that we are doing something which makes our lives useful—a blessing to someone. That pays. The love we have for our work, our studies, our progress and unfoldment—it never comes back in bitterness.

Individual needs differ. Goals differ. Some learn their lessons more quickly than others. We may wait a little while for a tardy friend to catch up, but when the condition of mutual benefit has ceased, it is useless to try to drag a slothful, dilatory, backward friend along. When the rate of development is so slow that the grown man is still dawdling along with the toys of childhood—the things of the world and personal pleasure—the things of flesh—then the friendship has been outgrown and we pack a mummy around with us, when we try to cling to the dead thing that once had life and power to bless. Furthermore, there is compensation for giving up the old and worn-out, in acquiring the new. Such pleasure is like that experienced in laying aside tattered or thread-bare garments for new.

Keeping Friends

It is vain to fancy that a friendship once formed means the development of perpetual motion—that it will go by itself. Friendship must be renewed to continue to live. As the musician or artist or athlete must be made fit by proper preparation and

training so to keep fit, he must continue these salutary practices. Like a garden, Friendship must be cultivated, nurtured, fostered.

We may acquire a facility for making friends—but it takes character, thought, and effort to retain them. Even then, in spite of our best efforts, we will likely find that estrangements will occur or circumstances develop which dim the brightness of this crown of life. The remedy is not in bitterness of spirit, but in constantly maintaining a genial, accommodating, helpful, cheerful, friendly mien and thereby attracting new friends which will enrich your life as you enrich theirs, more than making up for the thing lost. Thereby we can demonstrate that it really does pay to “keep sweet.”

Practising Charity

Toward prolonging the life of friendship and multiplying its joys, we should avoid condemnation; should seldom criticize, unless the friend will be benefitted by the adverse opinion and open analysis. It is safe to presume that the other fellow is doing the best he can under his circumstances, predisposition, weaknesses and temptations. Truly, “A friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same!”

We can “befriend” anyone, above or below us; but for those whom we voluntarily choose for our companions, it is well to select those who are of the same type as ourselves. Then avoid arguments, contentions, and all seeds of antagonism, disagreement, discord. Be fair, genial, kind and congenial, and the harvest will surely be harmony and felicity. It is not yet safe to put a lamb and a lion in a den together. It is not always easy in these days of

pretense, egotism and hypnotism, to tell who's who. Wherefore, herd with your own kind, get together; keep sweet. Spread the noble doctrine of peace, good-will, kindness, charity, compassion, sympathy, gratitude, appreciation and self-abnegation. Make friends—love them. Success in the world is of less value than they. Therefore, leave them not, neither forsake them.

Constancy

Never discard an old for a new friend, impulsively and without proper consideration. Constancy is a virtue and inconstancy a deplorable fault. It is bad to be fickle, disloyal—easily carried away by the glamour of a new adventure. To indulge such tendencies is to foster shallowness of nature and a vacillating mind, incapable of definite course or of sound action or concentration. And if, by any chance, you be loved by but few, know that at least it is your privilege to love many.

Reward

Thus you will be surprised some day, to find how many you are benefitting, influencing for good, of those who enter your aura—your life's horizon. You will cause little pain or grief, and many weary, needy, hungry souls, will find sweet refreshment in your stability, strength and nobility of character. Thus will you become a fountain of pure waters, purged of ignoble impulses. Thus will you become worthy of being made a member of the noblest order ever known to mankind and be given a new name—the greatest honor that mankind can give you—the title of "Friend."

Hail to the glorious, beautiful, beneficent,
SPIRIT OF FRIENDSHIP!

MERCY

A little boy was once asked: "When you know a thing, how do you know it?" To which he promptly replied, "I don't know it at all—I forget it." In his frank answer is food for thought. We are not benefitted by what we learn and then forget; but by what we learn and then incorporate and use. Most of us talk—prattle, babble—too much, and think too little. We have our minds filled with rubbish and that which is of no value.

When the soul awakens, there is aspiration to better things. When one realizes that he is no longer satisfied to be kept a peaceful prisoner of ignorance, we may expect progress. Knowledge of vain things has nothing to do with the possession of wisdom.

Meditation, contemplation, is a helpful practice. We know so many things in a superficial sort of way, but to be fully conscious to all that is represented by a germ-idea calls for genuine mental capacity. In order to keep our ideals from decline, it is well to pause and consider a definite subject and compel the mind to cease from aimless rambling—a bad habit fostered by our present careless living and the economic conditions of our time.

If you feel in the mood, suppose you and I take a train of thought and travel a while on the Progress road, journeying toward a definite destination—the celestial cities of Unfoldment, Development, and Growth. For today's trip, let us stop at the Commissary of Character Construction and equip with the idea of "Mercy," and a few other things, for word-study.

We may know a thing by the evidences of our senses; that is, by perception, or apprehension; also we may know by the processes of reason. We may know or recognize from experience or by gaining a conception of a thing by reckoning, imagining that which we have not undergone, from that which we have cognized.

"Blessed are the merciful." And who is there among us who does not aspire to be blessed? Then let us not forget to be merciful. We can begin by taking time to look outside the bowl in the bottom of which we live, seeing life only as it sweeps over the edges and rim of the enclosure which we have elected to hem us in.

Let us burst the shell of our selfish barricade and look into the lives of those about us. Without appreciation for the cares, burdens, heart-aches and disappointments, sorrows and unfulfilled yearnings of our fellow beings, we cannot be constrained to feel any emotion of compassion—of mercy. He who has no feeling has no soul. We should not be hysterical, but we should not be dead—unable to thrill in understanding of deeds of heroism, courage, fortitude, love, mercy and all that goes to comprise our human experiences.

Let us lay low the tall walls of our selfish thoughts, and behold the most marvelous moving picture ever conceived—the world about us—perceiving that all that is done, may contribute to our entertainment, edification and evolution. Thus will we enrich our experience and perhaps spare ourselves the necessity of having bitter experiences in order to round out our own characters. For the

building of character, gaining of experience is the purpose of our having come into the world.

If perchance sometime in your life you should see a long season of drought and withering, and some peculiar circumstance compelled you to go a great distance in the heat of a scorching day, over burning city walks, dusty country roads, out and away from the supports and comforts which have heretofore surrounded you;

Out into the desert of Misery Harvest, where the sand is deep and the cactus spines are sharp; where the coyote skulks and the sage brush ekes out but enough existence to tell of discouragement and failure, the arid blight of selfish desires of men which burn and sere;

But go on, you must; alone—unfit, unequipped—caught by “circumstance.” Plod on—you must! Ere long the straining body gives its cry for cessation of this forcing; your temples throb painfully, things persist in getting more and more black before your eyes; an unconquerable weakness begins to steal over you.

Struggling on, hour after hour, you know not how long, till your lips are cracked, and your tongue protrudes, swollen and fissured, between your teeth, till all that you know is to strive on and agonize for water.

* * *

If it should be your lot to go to India and there you were stricken with fever—unremitting and intolerable; and you were alone with energies sapped, vitality spent: till you could think of nothing but water, WATER, WATER!!

If these experiences came to you, you would understand what "THIRST" meant.

* * *

And then, when you had suffered beyond the power of description, a blessed cup of cold water found its way to your parched lips, and rough tissues became smooth again; their burning ceased, and the loving care bestowed slowly won you back to vigor and comfort;

Then you would know what "Relief," and "Refreshment" mean—that they are sweet to the needy soul.

Then you would have a better idea of what "Mercy" is.

* * *

If it fell to your lot to be a sailor—many souls have been called to the sea—and while far out from port an evil bully conspired to cause the men to mutiny, seize the ship and cargo and divide the spoils. The captain resisted and was killed. The mutinous ones did not include so good a navigator as the captain or first mate who had gone down with his superior officer. A storm arose and the good ship sprung a leak. The heavy gale at last snapped the main mast, which in falling wrecked machinery and steam pumps. The weary men were forced to operate the hand pumps. But all in vain. The ship would sink.

A few sailors who had refused to mutiny had been cast into irons. You were one of them. The mutineers took the life boats and put to sea, but not before one of them who had in his heart a bit of

mercy, came and partly set you free. You did the rest. But gaining the deck you found there was no boat.

A lurch of the ship threw you overboard in the wash of a giant wave; you found a piece of wreckage and clung to it, and on this homely saviour, were washed up on the beach of a desert island.

The one boat which had survived the storm had been driven on the opposite end of this island. You were weak from the battle—too weak even to shout. There you lay, half drowned, with a broken leg. The storm subsided. You could see the men saving useful material from the wrecked ship; you had neither food nor drink.

One of the mutineers had been picked up by a passing vessel. He had induced the captain to search for the crew. Rocks and shoals made it unsafe to come in very close, so the crew from the wreck began to prepare to put out to where the big ship stood off, waiting their coming.

They are too far off to see you—you have not the power to rise, or signal them. It seems—Oh, God of heaven! inevitable that you be missed and forsaken, to die alone in utter misery. You see the rescuers from the big ship quit the search and prepare to depart.

In such a case you would know what "Despair" and "Anguish" mean.

But wait—there's that same soft-hearted chap again—he does not seem willing to go just yet. Seems as if he senses that all are not aboard—sometimes tender-hearted people do have peculiar feelings which are called Intuitions! Bless God, he

realizes what a terrible thing it would be to leave a man marooned on such a barren isle. While the others are impatiently urging him to desist searching—to hurry and come on, he is still not satisfied—looks for some trace of life.

See—he's looking your way. Angels, tell him! He does see, or suspect—he's coming to see what that object is, lying on the sand! And then, as your strained consciousness leaves you, you know he is there beside you. His mighty shout thrills you from head to foot, and seems to reverberate through the universe, and other men hasten to lend assistance.

After a while, you open your eyes again, wondering which side of the grave you are on, eager for agonies to be over. A kind voice tells you not to try to speak. Your helpless, weary head is gently raised just a little, and something is given you to take in the process of winning you back to life and vigor again.

Soon you are mending. How ravenous you are. How good is Food and Drink—nourishment—sustenance.

If you had suffered shipwreck, (how precious is reputation!) and friends, neighbors, kindred—all had forsaken you, save one—but through his consideration you had had one fighting chance for your life—to suffer your way back to standing again: Then you would understand the value of "Mercy."

* * *

If sometime in your life the fell hand of torment falls upon you and strikes you down to your bed in utter helplessness; and pain comes to you as it never came before; till each succeeding hour seems but another interminable hell;

Then, likely you would pray as one is wont to pray when suffering beyond tears or moans or screams: a prayer that you might die—Oh, God! that you might die.

But when it seemed in a cruel climax of unspeakable agonizing torture, as the pangs of labored motherhood—peace suddenly comes—like the stilling of the fierce tempest when the gentle Nazarene commanded, "Peace, be still!" Thank God for "Deliverance."

Then you would better comprehend what "Peace" and "Comfortable," mean—then you would know a little of what Mercy is.

* * *

If some time in your life you should come to possess many things, which were everyone dear—so dear!

But one by one they were torn away from you by a relentless hand—a hand stronger than yours; the hand of Circumstance. (Misfortune, Fire, Wind, Disease, Senility or the dark angel Death), so that all was gone—wife, children, property—everything that heart holds dear. Gone—gone! !

All that remained was memory and shreds—dregs in the cup of life—all else was "LOST."

But wait. Yonder comes one who drives like Jehu. Is he friend or foe? Friend it is—and champion. Hot pursuit he gives the fleeing, mocking viper, Fell Circumstance. 'Tis plain to see the spirit of Jehu is such that his coming, though alone, is no laughing matter. The loud guffaws of Circumstance die in his throat—are turned to snarls at this unexpected interruption of his gloating triumph.

The chariot of the intrepid Jehu slowly gains on the unscrupulous foe. Though but one against a legion, Jehu dares approach the assassins of Welfare, Joy and Peace—this gang of arch-conspirators; these allies of Circumstance; these enemies of man; who, sooner or later, lay low, the poor, the rich; the noble, the mean; the wise, the fool; and carry their victims captive into the Unknown.

But fearless Jehu comes abreast of the very leader, Fell Circumstance, and snatches from him, (this captain of Death, Hate, Malice, Jealousy, Lust and the rest of the shades and ghouls of Carnal Mind), the mutilated remnant of one of your treasures.

With tears of compassion and regret that he could not do more, Jehu returns all that could be saved, to your hungry arms again.

Were it your lot, beloved, to pass through such an ordeal—then you would know what Anguish means—and Courage, too; even the spirit of Jehu. And too, you would understand better what is meant by "Mercy." It is good to be spared even a little of all that which had been so dear when you had possessed much.

* * *

If perchance it should come to you to be a solitary watcher by the bedside of one you love better than your own soul, and you should see the pain-distorted face grow paler and more pale each day; and you should rack your brain to find one atom of sorry comfort—one more futile something you could do to make that cross a wee bit easier:

Until the long, lonely hours of the day are only

months in comparison to the years of the long, dreary, dark and gruesomely still nights;

And if this should continue till your flesh quivered with the anguish of it all, and your sturdy body is worn and stooped with weariness, and your tired eyes are almost hidden behind swollen lids; till your relaxed fingers let their lighter burdens slip through them; till, in spite of every effort of will, and every device of ingenuity fails, and your brain sleeps a stolen second, till, conscience stricken, you start up again, trembling, in the responsibility of another's life hanging on your faithfulness and vigil.

And the sufferer? Oh, those hands—those hands that do what the hands of hirelings cannot.

O, what a stay are the time-tried bonds to that suffering loved one and the patient watcher. Somebody's fidelity now repays for the other's constancy through the years that went before, woos life back to the stricken one and keeps life in the body of the weary watcher.

But finally, praise God, it is all over, and Darling is safe, and the battle won. Life again has promise of the brightness of old which you two could not bear to lose. The old-time comfort steals into your soul. Again the sun is bright. The sparkling dew glistens on the fragrant flowers that mark the paths you two have trod together—the path of life with the flowers of service, love, comradeship and sympathy a-bloom on every side.

How sweet it is to rest—to the struggler and the watcher. But again, all is well. Somebody needed "Constancy," and another Somebody was glad to give it. So, Somebody glows warm and happy that the need on both sides was met. Ah, rest is indeed

sweet—sweeter because of the labor which went before it. How precious is “Loyalty” and “Constancy.” Life is “Delicious.”

If it were your lot to go through all of this, you would know the full meaning of these few words—you would feel with the heart as well as understand with the head. It would make you tender. Hence, a little progress would be made—progress in strength—in sweetness of the Flower of Character.

You then would know better than I know how to tell, what Mercy means—if you experienced all of these sorts of schooling. Then you would be ready to APPRECIATE.

* * *

The dear people whose nearness was marked by a soul waiting to come hither, christened you with a name which to someone, is sweet because of you—of what you have grown to be. Think little of woe and strife. Think much of good, for you will surely become like that which you contemplate.

But think much of “Mercy.” Be kind to those about you. It may be that beneath a smiling face, is a hungry, sick heart. Be a benediction to many a soul whose struggle, unseen, unsuspected, may yet be quite as bitter in another way, as these regarding which you have so kindly permitted me to give a little illustration.

I LOVE TO BE LOVED BY YOU

If I let you hold my hand
That will do?
Should you take me in your arms,
Would I rue?
Would I seem the common kind?
Would your thoughts remain refined?
Should I lose the joy I'd find,
While 'twas new?

Chorus

Oh, I love to be loved by you!
There is rest in your touch,
And I need you so much—
For, I love to be loved—by you!

Why is man so selfish, sly,
Free and bold?
Only pleased if that he tells
Ne'er was told.
If I let you have your way,
Will respect and interest stay?
Who will want me when I'm gray,
Worn and old?

Chorus

Oh, I love to be loved by you!
There is peace in your touch,
And I need you so much—
For, I love to be loved—by you!

THORNS

O what shall I do when you weary of me,
When these precious meetings no longer may be?
When those more attractive my boundaries invade—
A flower that's plucked can but know it must fade!
Then what shall I do when caresses no more
Requite me and bless as in sweet days of yore—
When little attentions no more come my way,
And this bit of heaven, becomes yesterday?

Refrain

You taught me how to love,
You taught me how to care;
Now must we surely part—
Hope yield to dark despair?
To ease my breaking heart,
O whither shall I go?
Must I all joy renounce,
And ne'er fulfillment know?

O what shall I do when your footsteps no more
Make music for me as they draw near my door—
When I know it is useless to look up the street
And watch for your figure my glad gaze to greet?
Ah, what shall I do when I know I have failed—
Through no fault of mine, this red life-rose has
 paled;
And I see through my hot tears there's nothing
 but cloy,
You've not understood me, your latest of toys.

BENEDICTUS

O golden hours when soul meets soul,
When kindred spirits sweet commune;
The fairest writ on life's last scroll
And gayly sung to Friendship's tune.

POISE

God's will be done in everything—
In me and my affairs;
What e'er betide, 'tis sweet to know
God understands and cares!

THE AFTER-GLOW*

Would God these piteous eyes might melt in tears—
Become a fount to weep my soul away;
For errors in this game of life so queer,
Youth's tender dreams dispel and fond hopes slay;
Say not that such is but the common lot—
But fools and drones such sentence should receive—
Nor dare ascribe to God the cruel blot—
He would not thus of guiltless good bereave!

Let fearless souls look back through ages past
And see through history, law's and custom's line;
Behold race teaching and convention's cast,
To paranoia's rule weak wills resign;
Who dares unflinching on the Truth to gaze,

*Companion piece to "The Talisman" in Fuller's "Book of Poems."

Will see the yoke through false religion laid—
Mankind consigned to woe, despair and maze,
To dwarf in lack—renunciation's shade.

'Till now, sublimely sweet and wholesome soul,
Through tedious years I've searched and hoped for
you—

And thought I'd found my blessed, precious goal,
Yet woke to learn the trustful dream untrue;
O thou beloved—must I let you go
And drink the cup of self-suppression aye?
Must I resign to be the sport of fate,
And no more strive the hours and you to stay?

Comrade! I knew my ideal did exist—
In whom response and reciprocity
Would view with understanding—all I've missed
And craved—on all planes tender intimacy;
O how I've loved that quickened mind of yours—
Co-operation—spirit, noble, true—
While life shall last and memory still endures
I'll bless the day that brought me love and you!

Soul-mate! your blessed, radiant body too
Is dear—with all its sweetly feminine charm;
May He who marks the sparrow in His view,
Command your utmost good—keep you from harm;
These arms of mine oft ache to hold you close
My soul would fain attend you everywhere;
Though man or thing should here your thought en-
gross,
Beyond the veil! I'll claim my own o'er there!

THE RUINED CITY

The San Francisco Panama Exposition

Come then with me today, and we shall go
Where once in noble grandeur reigned, the work
Of hand and head and heart the world to show,
Refine, instruct and please; nor irk
To hear me tell in my poor way the scene
That charmed my gaze in this enchanted place
Of wondrous palaces, columns, walls of green—
In growing which, Dame Nature, full of grace,
Had woven there from patterns elsewhere shown—
Thus kindly acquiesced to do a part—
Assist to make this Fair the greatest known,
And build rich memories which might ne'er depart.

The developments, inventions and all
The various forms of handiwork appeared
To prove the marvelous work of puny man
Whose mighty, throbbing soul has reared
Increasing wonders, age on age until
'Twould seem he would reclaim his temporal power,
And gain dominion—prove his sovereign will.
But passing o'er Utility's splendid bower,
Disdaining Pleasure's "Zone" of frivolous things,
Let us proceed along "Marina's" edge
To gaze on "peaceful" ocean as it sings
Its deathless song—of Destiny a pledge.

Of all this wondrous pageant, seems to me,
The "Tower of Jewels" quite surpassed the rest—
Its stones of myriad hues charmed all to see;
At night, the colored rocket-lights addressed
Their dazzling brilliance in harmonious streams
To make the jeweled tower a rival fit
To vie with heaven's star-be-spangled beams,
Whose beauty men may view with benefit.
The sculptor's art depicting Nature's grace
In varied forms, here vied with Greeks of old;
The pleasing curve, expression, gently trace
His noble concept of her conquering mold.

A group of buildings formed a separate court—
For each its special statuary, name and lights—
Where peers of grace, all of a kindred sort,
Revealed in frank array, most pleasing sights.
The "Court of the Four Seasons" held a share
That well repaid the pilgrims from afar,
Who came to feast on such or banish care,
Where God's munificence some dared unbar.
Who could forget these statue-folk, once seen?
The "Rising Sun," in masculine, winged mold—
Or "Setting Sun," the modest, dainty queen,
Whose downcast eyes of peace and quiet told.

Behold at last upon Marina's breast
These fallen monarchs side by side in state,
Who bravely stood through their appointed tests,
And now await their sad, relentless fate.
Here see the grand Pizarro on his steed—
A noble knight in stately armor clad—
With sword all drawn—reminds of valiant deed
When brain and brawn more equal virtue had:
The graceful "Woodnymph"—likewise "Harvest's"
form,
With many an image, column, frescoed plate,

No more admired, now wait till work of storm,
Of sun, of wind and damp, disintegrate.

Impermanence marks all that this plane knows.
From bud, the full-blown flower; and then, at length,
But one by one, the petals of the rose
Will fall. The flower has gone its span of strength.
'Tis thus with all this mundane sphere.
A soul is born, must struggle, write its tale—
Then come like jaded horse and rider, near
To the last of the sojourn here—to
"The End of the Trail."

Deal gently then with those whose day is on the
wane—

In time our lot and place will be as theirs —
Nor scorn to spare the hoary head a pain;
He lives the most who understands and cares!

SENTIMENTS

For a Useful Article

Permit me, please, dear sweet lady (or man), precious friend, to attempt by the means of this humble gift, to express a little of the joy and gratitude I have to God for the privilege of knowing you and holding for such a time as it may be my lot to enjoy, the position I hold toward you and you toward me. For I know that, whatever may or may not come to pass in your life or mine, Memory will ever hold the happy hours of peace and holy pleasure I have been privileged to enjoy through the mercy of having found the solace of that you have given me in being yourself and in caring a little for me.

God bless you then, and bring you everything that your heart desires, which may be good for you to have. May you unfold in beauty, beauty of person and soul alike, in understanding, riches of mind, friends—find your right place in God's great universe and fulfill it and your divine mission, with joy.

* * *

For a Gift of Music

Gravestones are seldom seen on other than Memorial Day.

The best tablet then, is that which we write in the minds and hearts of those with whom we come in contact—those nearest and dearest to us.

May the memory of the writer soothe, cheer and stir to nobility of life and character, like meaningful music.

Be gentle, kind and just;
Fear not, but hope and trust.

* * *

For a Costly Gift

It is not well to be suspicious. Neither is it good to be too sanguinely trustful. Remember the prayer of the man who had suffered betrayal: "God of Justice, save me I beseech Thee, from my friends, and I myself will take care of my enemies."

False friends and designing persons who feign friendship, by oily words, sometimes slip within the camp and poison our entire army of loyal defenders.

* * *

To a New Friend

It has been but a short time since I first made your acquaintance. You wear well. The longer I know you the better I like you. I count as happy, those who have the privilege of more extended association; for, if you are half as sweet as you appear to be, the world is richer for your being in it.

* * *

Initiative

Initiative would seem to comprehend the ability to elect for one's self a definite course in life and follow it unswervingly—according to one's highest light, ability, apprehension of the Divine Will and the abnegation of self, the carnal mind, or material personality.

The successful life is that in which the individual looks upon the experiences which come as being necessary for the learning of lessons prescribed by the Higher Power; where the individual perceives that suffering is the most salutary means of growth; and therefore counts it joy to be reckoned worthy to take his stripes and share of woe, saying, "My God—my life, consecrated to Thee, is wholly in thy hands. Do unto me what seemeth to Thee good."

The successful life is that in which initiative plays no uncertain part, but directs the steps whereby the soul is inspired to look upward with steady gaze, single-eyed, high-purposed, choosing rightly the things of real value and appreciating them.

I am proud to know a good woman who, looking for the real treasures, has not despised to look in a lowly place for a grain of Truth, nor the humble efforts of one child of God who is striving to find the way to worthily give utterance to helpful thoughts and express himself becomingly.

The Inevitable Trail

Everyone in passing through this human experience, leaves behind a trail, where his life has touched those of his fellow sojourners. We are remembered, missed, because of what we have been to our little circle of friends—for the good we have done; the service rendered; the use we have been to other strugglers.

I aspire to leave behind a trail of gentle, helpful deeds, so that when I have passed on, at least a few will realize that I have been of some little value

to them—some inspiration to live their best, their noblest for God and those who love them.

If the little remembrances it has been my privilege to give you, can help to establish and maintain a place in your memory for me, I am happy and am in your debt.

Equilibrium

There is a lesson which you and I need to learn—a lesson of equilibrium—that we shall not lose our poise, our peace of mind, when the gift we offer in pride and confidence, is lightly esteemed. We must learn not to be sad or bitter when that to which one has given much thought and effort to prepare, and such satisfaction in offering, in love, is received with scorn—is not wanted by the one we may wish to honor and bless.

But we must become big enough to eliminate self-pity to such an extent that we can advance our products without feelings—and forget them. For the object is to produce that which will by its own merit, choice and fitness, win acceptance and favor at once.

Yet we must not forget that there are many slaves in this world—slaves to grudge, jealousy—to appetites, passions, vice, selfishness, greed, avarice, lust and fame; slaves to wrath, malice and covetousness. Notwithstanding, those who do hunger for love, kindness, righteousness and peace, may be fed and blessed by what you and I can offer—of the fruits of heart or head—or by some little act of gentle courtesy—or by just avoiding depression—being downed by the disappointments, crosses,

losses or hardships of the day; by not permitting ourselves to become taciturn, morose and bitter.

Cheer up. Maybe we can give someone who hungers even as you and I, the very thing they need and seek, just by a bit of pleasantness, a smile, a kind word, a look or a hand-clasp—anything that carries a message of appreciation, understanding, sympathy or approval. There is indeed, a science in giving—not only of our gifts, but ourselves—our influence; a science of letting our light shine, that men may see Good—good-works—and glorify the Father which is in heaven.

Harbor Salute

The experience of most of us in life has been such as makes us able to appreciate and understand, how the men must have felt who, having risked all and braved much, yet FAILED and could only come to and view the promised land—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of beauty, prosperity, comfort, rest and peace. But they were not permitted to possess the Prize.

In reading the Biblical record, while we sympathize with those disappointed men, yet we can also see the justice of the sentence. But in our own case, oftentimes we have not been able to see why we have had to accept the fate that has come to us.

But it is proper to try to awaken humanity to a more lively appreciation of their blessings and urge those who do find a way to possess the fulfillment of the desires of their hearts, to do so with the joy of understanding and appreciation—gratitude—for the rare privilege which it has been their good fortune to experience.

I am proud to acknowledge you as a friend and will always hold in grateful remembrance, the sustenance of mercy—the milk of human kindness, which I have received at your hands.

May time deal gently with you and the Good Father lead you and bless you with the fulfillment of the desires of your heart, insofar as the same may be to your ultimate good. I salute you, a worthy friend. I pray you stand—steadfast, immovable—in your attitude toward life, the will of God and progress—the course you have elected to take.

May the influences and help you require, come to you speedily. And however soon my acquaintance—the accident of our salutations in passing on the ocean of life—however soon I may be forgotten, I hope the worthy words—the bits of Truth it has been my privilege to speak or write to you may live in your thought, to bless and comfort you at the moments of trial and testing, along life's rough, rocky, wreck-bestrewn way. May your disappointments be as rare as rain in the desert, and your hours of gratified expectation be as common as shells on the seashore.

May the tender light of the full moon—the star-shine of the peaceful night, never open your soul to list to the sigh of the whispering zephyrs which waft through the miles and the years, the sobs of human hearts that yearn for the unattainable and grow sick in the pain of deferred hopes and bitter disappointments; may you ever be deaf to the cry of the souls that have ploughed in the desert, and the moan of the lonely voyager who floats on a raft of wreckage in a troubled sea.

And yet I would not have you become cold and hard, hidden in the lap of luxury and ease. While I fain would protect you from unavailing tears and sympathies, would shield you from the coarse or vulgar; would spare you from being burdened or concerned with woes and ills you could not mitigate, yet I would have you strong and brave,—ever ready to bless and help. I would have you able to recognize the calls that properly belong to you—would have you answer them with divine promptness and sincerity as did that blessed One who trod the shores of Galilee. Also, I would have you able to reject that which is outside your borders and beyond your capacities.

My heart is big with joy and gratitude for the richness your friendship has been to me. Having known you, I feel better acquainted with God and His work.

CALIFORNIA

(By the Western Sea)

Queen of the earth—O peerless one!
Thine unveiled charms may none resist;
But captive bow, all fairly done,
And crowned by lovers thou hast kissed;
Thy glorious mountains, bosom fair,
Thy fertile valleys, graces rare;
Thy dazzling sunsets vanquish care—
Dear California.

Refrain

By the Western sea
Is the fairest lea—
No room for care
In you or me;
Hear the zephyr's tune
In the tree-tops croon!
Hours flit by too soon
In California!

Here, sweet fulfillment of a dream,
Edenic peace and beauty reign;
While flower and fern and fragrance seem
An endless, gorgeous, happy train.
At eve, the star-gemmed crown of blue
To raise the gaze from earth, will sue;
No soul's forlorn who dares to woo
Sweet California!





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